

## THORN SENTENCED TO DIE IN THE WEEK OF JANUARY 10.



THORN AS HE LOOKED BEFORE HE WAS PLACED ON TRIAL AND AS HE APPEARS NOW.

## The Murderer Hears the Date Set for His Execution.

DIDN'T WORRY HIM A BIT.

Smiled Just Before the Words of Doom Were Pronounced by Judge Maddox.

By Julian Hawthorne.

How would I feel if, after breakfast, I were required to go into the court room, and there, in the presence of three hundred unsympathizing fellow creatures, receive sentence of death? How would you, who read this, like it?—and with the memory of an inhuman butchery, by you committed, heavy on your soul.

That was the thought that I carried with me to the dismal purlieus of Long Island City this morning. The sky was pallid gray, with a few white flakes wavering down from it—earth covering her guilty front with innocent snow. On the car were the two detectives who were to conduct Martin Thorn to Sing Sing, murmuring to each other with somber faces. In the court room all the seats were filled with a dark-eyed crowd. The weather, or perhaps the occasion, gave every one a gloomy aspect. There was an undertone of conversation everywhere, but no animation or cheerfulness.

At 10:30 Judge Maddox walked quickly into the room and took his seat upon the bench. Almost at the same moment, noiselessly and unobtrusively as ever, Martin Thorn, handcuffed to his guard by his right wrist, glided to his seat.

Smiled as he waited his doom. He wore his long black coat and was neat and smooth as he has always been. He smiled slightly at his counsel as he sat down. The man has good manners for one in his station—quiet and unobtrusive. He has resolved to bear himself decently and with self-command in the public eye. There is a certain human pride and self-respect even in him.

But, to-day, there was no bravado. Never did he conduct himself more becomingly than at this dark hour. He did not glance

**You Still Have Time, 1200**

IN so far as the Christmas Journal appears to-morrow morning, you still have time to put your order in with your newsdealer, and get the paper sent to your home, where, beside your fireplace, you can enjoy a day of absolute comfort. There is much to be found in the pages of this great edition. Something that is particularly interesting is the paper written by Rev. R. R. Chivers, editor of the Baptist Union, prepared by him in explanation of the famous painting, "Christ or Diana," which he selected for the Christmas edition as an art production that has had the greatest influence for good among mankind. Doctor Chivers is one of the best authorities in America on religious paintings, and his choice will be regarded as apropos for this season. In order that the journal readers may fully comprehend the magnitude of the picture it will be reproduced in the studio, showing all the artistic qualities to be found in the original.

about the court room; he sat looking forward and his face became very grave. The officer began to unfasten the handcuff, and Thorn politely assisted him. How, seated in front of him, now turned and shook his hand. The old lawyer also wore a very serious look; there was no jury to play to now.

"Martin Thorn, stand up!" He got quickly to his feet. As he stood, stoop-shouldered, one remarked how long his arms were; his hands hung almost to his knees.

He had nothing to say. "Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you?" He glanced at Howe, who was also standing, and said, shortly, "Nothing!"

"We have already moved for a new trial, Your Honor," added Howe. "We have nothing to say."

A thick, black Bible was now produced. Clerk Seaman administered the oath. Thorn kissed the book, clumsily, or with a sort of violence. Then, as laconically as might be, in a hoarse voice, he answered the questions as to name, age and condition. At request he spelled out his name.

"Are your father and mother living?" After a moment's pause he answered: "Father." Possibly it had passed through his mind that he was glad his mother was no more.

"What religious instruction have you received?" "Catholic."

"Are you married?" "No."

All this while the audience had been silent as death. After a few moments the Judge, seated, leaning his face on his left hand, began to speak. His voice was deep but low, and it sank lower still in certain passages.

He told Thorn that he had had a fair trial for his crime, and had been most ably defended. He paid well-earned recognition to the lawyers for the defense, who had let slip no opportunity to save him.

The Judge's Advice. "Reflect upon your past," said the Judge. "Reflect upon the man whom you have slain. Reasonable time will be given you to prepare for death. The Court will not recapitulate your crime. The evidence justified the verdict. The sentence of the Court is that you be taken hence to the place whence you came, thence be removed to Sing Sing, and there sentence of death be executed on you during the week beginning January 10, 1898."

Thorn stood as still, while these words were pronounced, as a waxen image. He remained standing a few moments after the Judge ceased to speak, and then sat quickly down.

"Let the prisoner be removed," said His Honor, in a brisk tone. The handcuffs were refastened, and Thorn rose again and glided to a door. The panels of the door are of glass, and after he had passed over into the corridor, I could still see him slip through the crowd there, and turn, and descend the stairway to the right.

And I shall see him no more. He was a human tiger; he committed an inhuman murder; but he has received his sentence, and henceforth he may claim our silence.

## THORN SMILED AS HE WAITED HIS DOOM.

Just Before the Words of Death Were Uttered He Showed How Much at Ease He Was.

The death sentence was pronounced on Martin Thorn by Judge Maddox yesterday. Thorn heard it man-fashion, with his hands turned calmly to the Judge, his hands

hanging untroubled by his side. There was neither bravado nor fear in his pose.

Really, if there are any ethics concerning the reception of a death sentence Martin Thorn is a master of them.

There was a crowd in attendance to see the murderer ordered to death. Among those present at the spectacle were several women and two of the jurors, Sceriber and Morse, whose verdict condemned Thorn. Larsen, the juror whose illness caused the mistrial, was also in court.

Ample time had been given for the curious to seat themselves comfortably. His Honor came in about 10:30 and gave word for the prisoner to be brought in.

Thorn came, walking sideways, for his right arm was handcuffed to a Deputy Sheriff and the aisle was so narrowed by the encroachments of those who came to see and hear that there was not room for the two abreast.

Thorn's lawyers, Howe and Moss, turned to greet their client. They were grave and solemn.

His Counsel's Greeting. "How are you, Thorn?" was Howe's greeting.

"Good morning, sir," was Thorn's reply. By this time the handcuffs were removed and Thorn waited for his cue.

Probably none of the musty old survivals that cling to the law is as repulsive as this making acclamation of a death sentence. The formalities are not impressive, and it only means some minutes of torture to a man who is about to die and a spectacle to those who come to be thrilled. Judge Maddox, fortunately, does not love the sound of his own voice in sonorous cadence as much as some jurists, but had he been able to dispose of the business with the single sentence with which this report opens there would have been as much dignity and less theatrical effect about it.

The formalities began with a word from District-Attorney Youngs.

"In the case of Thorn, may it please the Court," he said, "I now move for sentence."

"What have you to say, Martin Thorn, that sentence should not be pronounced on you?" asked the Judge.

Like an echo, the court clerk repeated the Judge's words, and Thorn, standing there, seemed a little dumfounded what to answer. His eyes turned to his counsel.

"Nothing," whispered Howe.

"Nothing," said Thorn, in a firm, clear voice.

"Have you anything to say, Mr. Howe?" asked the Judge.

"Innocent," repeats Howe. "No, Your Honor; you remember I made a motion for a new trial, and it was denied. We have nothing further to say except that he is innocent."

He turned questioningly to his client: "Thorn, that's what you want to say, isn't it—you're innocent?"

"Yes, sir," replied Thorn, in a perfectly matter-of-fact way.

In response to the Court's direction an officer made his way to Thorn and presented a Bible, which he kissed as a earnest of the truth of the answers he would make. The questions usual in such cases were asked and answered briskly.

Then the Judge did his part. His Honor spoke in a deep, solemn voice. The Judge has an excellent voice—clear and sympathetic. After looking sternly at Thorn for a moment he began:

"Thorn, you were indicted for a deliberate and premeditated design to kill; with having caused the death of William J. Lawrence. You have had a fair trial. In the course of which all efforts possible were made in your behalf by an astute counsel, counsel indeed who could not have done more for any one than they have done for you. Every honorable effort was made for you, and I took advantage of every opportunity to spare your life. After a full and fair trial the jury found you guilty of murder in the first degree, the punishment for which is death."

Not a change in Thorn.

Howe, who had assumed the proper pose of deep dejection, looked up for an instant. Thorn's face did not change in

the least. His Honor resumed, more impressively than ever:

"Reflect fully upon your past, reflect upon the death of him whom you have slain. It is a solemn thought."

It is needless for me to recapitulate or state the evidence in this case, except to say that the evidence justifies the verdict. You stand now before the Court for the fixing of the week in which the sentence shall be carried into execution. The Court directs that you be taken hence to the place whence you were brought, and from thence to the State prison at Sing Sing, and that there the judgment shall be executed, and that you there be put to death, according to law in the manner provided by law, in the week beginning January 10, 1898."

Can't Pay for an Appeal.

Thorn sat down and whispered to his lawyers, who had an affidavit for him to read.

This set forth that Thorn's funds were exhausted, and petitioned the Court to appropriate money for an appeal.

A court officer handed Thorn a pen, and he signed the paper carefully.

"Have you any requests, Mr. Howe?" asked Judge Maddox.

"No, Your Honor."

"Then let the prisoner be removed."

They snatched the handcuff on Thorn's wrist again, and he passed out of the court room.

"I wish they'd do it over again," loudly whispered one of the women in the gallery to her neighbor.

Thorn was to have been taken at once to Sing Sing, but the formalities connected with the taking of a condemned murderer to the place of execution had not all been gone through with. They could not get the papers made out in time, so Thorn spent another day in his cell playing with his dog. He saw a few visitors, newspaper reporters for the most part, and before them, at least, he showed no sign of distress.

Sheriff Doherty took him to Sing Sing on the 8 o'clock train from the Grand Central Station this morning.

When asked about the motion for a new trial he answered that he should not like to go through the ordeal again, "but," he added, "I'll do it if I've got it to do."

Trolley Mutilated in \$15,000.

William Johannes's suit against the Nassau Railway for \$25,000 damages for loss of a leg by being run over by one of the company's cars, resulted yesterday in an award of \$15,000 by a jury in the Supreme Court. The railway's motion for a new trial was denied. The whole question hinged on whether Johannes was or was not intoxicated at the time. More than thirty witnesses appeared for the plaintiff.

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## RUSSIA ARMING AGAINST JAPAN.

She Buys Large Quantities of Army Supplies in the United States.

San Francisco, Dec. 3.—The report that the Russian Government is buying large quantities of army supplies in the United States has been verified. Cable messages from Vladivostok asking that merchants bid on large lots are frequently received. Yesterday Dodge, Sweeney & Co., of this city, received a Vladivostok cable to figure on 1,200 tons of supplies.

Travelers arriving from Russia report that the garrison at Vladivostok has been largely reinforced by the arrival of troops on steamers and sailing vessels from the Black Sea.

The concentration of Russian troops at that point and the haste that Japan is making to increase her power on the sea lead some of the merchants to predict that the impending conflict between Russia and Japan may open as early as next summer. The recent heavy orders for army supplies to be forwarded to Vladivostok are regarded as significant of important movements in the Orient.

Although the trouble between Russia and Japan is in connection with a dispute for the possession of Korea, where the rivalry between the two powers is very bitter, yet it is notorious that the Czar has never forgotten or forgiven the dastardly attempt to assassinate him when he was the guest of the Mikado at Kyoto, the effects of the two cuts across the head which he received from the heavy sword of the fanatic Japanese, Soshi, having permanently affected both his health and his nervous system.

It is believed that the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, with its terminus at Vladivostok, will largely increase the trade of San Francisco, and there is talk of establishing a line of steamers to that place, touching at Alaskan ports.

A local subsidy of \$5,000 a month has already been subscribed for an Alaskan line.

**Joyce Griscom Dies from Her Burns.**  
Joyce Griscom, the five-year-old daughter of Clement A. Griscom, Jr., of Flushing, L. I., general manager of the American Lin. Steamship Company, who was burned Thursday afternoon, died yesterday. She had been left alone in the kitchen and her mother did not know she had awakened until she heard fearful screams. The child had evidently gone too close to the fire and her clothing caught.

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## HANGMAN AWAITS PRAGUE RIOTERS.

Executioner and His Assistants Established in Court House.

Prague, Dec. 3.—Although the streets are still patrolled by the military, business is being gradually resumed.

A military court has been established at the Court House, and the local hangman, his assistants and a priest will remain there until further orders in order to be ready to carry out death sentences, should such steps be necessary. The troops now here number twenty-six battalions of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry.

Serious excesses are reported to have been committed at Koenigsplatz, where the Friedrich Hotel has been partly demolished. Troops were dispatched there.

Reports from various places in Bohemia, including New Bidschov, Melnik and Kralup, tell of disturbances during the last few days, the houses of Germans and Jews being attacked by the Czechs. The Germans of Bodenbach made reprisals in the neighboring Bohemian village of Krogelitz, where a school, two inns and a shop were attacked, a number of people being injured despite the intervention of the police and Burgo-master.

The Germans also fomented riots at Gabels, stealing a Bohemian school. It was necessary to call out the troops to quell the disturbance.

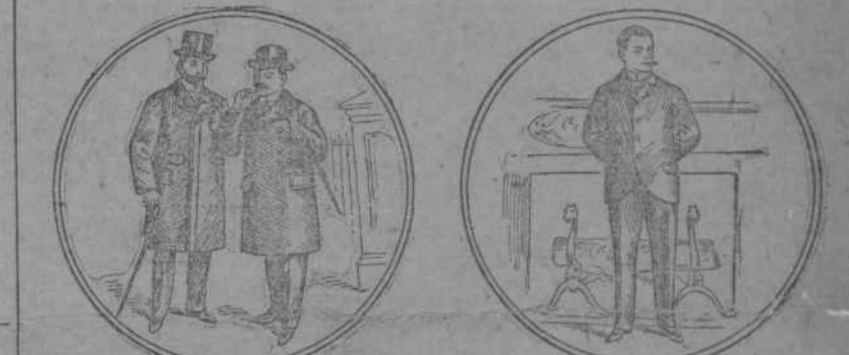
**More Troops at Prague.**

Another regiment of infantry and a squadron of dragoons have arrived to reinforce the garrison here.

Owing to an attempt to wreck the Bohemian schools at Bodenbach, military assistance has been asked for to quell the disturbances. At Berman the windows of the houses occupied by Germans and military officers were broken yesterday evening, and the troops subsequently occupied the streets and dispersed the mob.

At Pilsen yesterday evening the troops were called upon to disperse a riotous mob of several thousand youths. Some of the latter were wounded, and many arrests were made.

The city authorities, Bohemian, National and Students' associations, and the Workmen's societies, met to-day and appointed a Vigilance Committee, after which they informed the Stadthalter that the object of the committee was to secure order and safety of life and property. They also requested the Stadthalter to withdraw the troops, but this he refused to do, declaring he was responsible for the maintenance of order. The Stadthalter, however, invited the deputation from the Vigilance Committee to use its influence to prevent further disturbances.



## WESTERN LINES BREAK.

Rate-Cutting Between Chicago and St. Paul Threatens Disruption of Immigrant Traffic Combine.

The combination of Western railroads and certain steamship lines, known as the Western Lines' Association, the purpose of which is to control the immigrant traffic, has broken up. The two members of the association made the cut between Chicago and St. Paul. Then it leaked out that all of the Western lines were not in the combine and that the two faithless members of the association contemplated going over to the outsiders.

Representatives of the Western Lines' Association went to Montreal two days ago to attempt to combine with the Canadian steamship lines and railroads. It was during their absence that two members of the association made the cut between Chicago and St. Paul. Then it leaked out that all of the Western lines were not in the combine and that the two faithless members of the association contemplated going over to the outsiders.

This news was received with consternation by the representatives of the Western Lines' Association in New York. Some of the outside lines are powerful enough to menace the combine and perhaps to smash it. The outsiders include the Union Pacific Railroad, the Chicago & Alton, the Chicago & Great Western and Missouri, Kansas & Pacific Railroads.

**SAMUEL M. BLATCHFORD DEAD**

Samuel M. Blatchford, who recently retired from the Customs service on account of ill health, died yesterday at his home, No. 37 Riverside Drive. He was sixty-two years old, and spent thirty-two years of his life in the Customs House.

His first appointment was as a weigher, and step by step he rose to the position of Deputy Collector under Chester A. Arthur, when he was Collector of the Port. Mr. Blatchford was transferred to the warehouse of the Third Division, of which he was in charge until General Arthur, when President, sent him the appointment of Deputy Surveyor and Auditor of the Customs House, which position he held until May 19 of this year, when he retired.

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